THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DRAGON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON FIRST PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1694.

Original Novelet.

THE DE OF THE WILDERNESS.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by the Author, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGER GUEST.

Silence or inviolable attention were opened by Ada and the simpleton in reaching the house the adventure of the latter had created with the Indian—they took a circuitous route, and approached the rook with extreme caution. The light of the fire enabled them to see an object when brought before their eyes, but at the same time rendered themselves almost invisible to others. Ada and the simpleton, therefore, could do nothing with an inhabitant of the house, but remain where they took post, and watch. The simpleton was the sign which conveyed the intelligence perfectly intelligible. To some friends a Chinese movement may be read by 500 millions of people, but more, perhaps, than understand the spoken language of the Celestial Empire.

[illegible] Reward.—Every [illegible] his destiny in his own [illegible] to witness, he may be, if he cannot but be happy. Like the [illegible] manner, he may and will be [illegible] and acquainted with grief"—[illegible] shall flow like a river, [illegible] but happiness shall roll [illegible] peaceful sea; following [illegible] they bear him to the brightest [illegible] beyond the touch. [illegible] act then tried by these infinite [illegible] and the destiny assigned [illegible] be the master of thy life [illegible] and your triumph shall be [illegible] a single young man who [illegible] guided by a virtuous [illegible] of success, and to and fro in the earth, [illegible] storms beat upon [illegible] day, but every sun of [illegible] has been victorious, has won [illegible] victories, he may be [illegible] never born.—*Harry Woodfall.*

Wife or Loser.—Which [illegible] of the two? Which [illegible] those living in the [illegible] the Volga are more degraded [illegible] than the people of [illegible] travelled; and they can [illegible] to be found in the world [illegible] to the number of fifty [illegible] the rapids of Niagara [illegible] to lose an object with the [illegible] the extensive conservatory [illegible] otherwise, knowing the spot, [illegible] in the darkness and gloom [illegible], he might have approached, in the [illegible] for did, for the flower [illegible] easily.

Again, the result was [illegible] that, in talking, the Indian should have [illegible] against a rock in such a manner [illegible] of consciousness, if not of [illegible]

Strange.—A correspondent of the Cork Corral, says that he has [illegible] of a man of fourscore and [illegible] is becoming quite celebrated [illegible] resigned with his wife [illegible] at all times surrounds it. [illegible] but little from the hills [illegible] of being covered [illegible] large and black rocks. [illegible] the temperature of its atmosphere [illegible] the Indian under the cover of the [illegible] Cuba and Dick stand [illegible] Dick thinks [illegible] the Major, [illegible] pace-knot, proceeded to make an [illegible] of the wound, with the view, as [illegible] checked, of restoring the savage to life, [illegible] a clue to his secret. The Indian [illegible] sudden stir, partially recovered [illegible] hideously pained. With the pains, [illegible] the wound had subsided in some [illegible] to his beauty; and on [illegible] this blood, with a cloth dipped [illegible] the gaunt cause of all this.

[illegible] what have we here?" exclaimed [illegible] as he examined the wounded man with [illegible] surprise. "Hollo! my old friend!—Why, as I'm a living [illegible] Dutchman!"

"Dutchman!" exclaimed the Indian, indeed!" said Mrs. Hargrave. "Poor [illegible] he must be savage from the Indian [illegible]."

"Likely he is some worthless renegado, [illegible] some other quarter," observed the [illegible] "Hand the scrip, there, some [illegible] for to try their other inside, since [illegible] application—I profound much use in [illegible] this. I'm now more zealous than ever [illegible] to know the why and the wherefore [illegible] this."

Saying this, he proceeded to bind the [illegible] hand and foot. This done, he inquired, in a [illegible] manner, if he had succeeded in [illegible] him, I will ascertain that he is not dead [illegible]

Saying this, the Major pried open the wounded [illegible], with the handle of a spoon, and [illegible] small quantity of liquor into his [illegible] head, lying back, with the face [illegible] with his spirits to run down his [illegible] severe stimulation was not [illegible] tongued, and choked, for a few moments [illegible] the Major was successful [illegible] raising himself into a sitting posture, [illegible] his senses, so one who knew not [illegible] what to say.

"Ah!" said Hargrave, rather roughly, [illegible] to the Indian, "you are not dead [illegible] you have no under close inspection?"

"You are just about as much of an Indian as I am," returned the Major, flouting; "and I'm a Dutchman, as you call me, though in all that pertains to savage life, I'm as much of a native among red-devils, as I know to be among civilized [illegible]."

"Indian," protested the other.

"Yes, Indian," repeated the Major, cried the flushing with anger; for, being one of those persons who speak with the greatest [illegible] with a starting vehemence; "I have you to know, that my name is not Dutchman, but [illegible] with that white skin covering, you'll see your left hand, there, from which I've removed the joint, and then tell me you [illegible] again, if you dare!"

The stranger looked at his hand, and his [illegible] fell, and he hung his head in silence.

Then he raised his head to the wound; [illegible] to cause him no little astonishment; for, glancing furtively around, he [illegible] a friend!

"Friend!" replied Major Heyle, [illegible] in front of him, with the air of a general who had just won a battle; "I did, I do!"

"Ay, and did it as never mortal did it before," [illegible] the Major, laughing in spite of himself, as the ludicrous picture of the double [illegible] itself in his mind from the dexterity [illegible] which the shepherd had given him of [illegible] whole affair. "Talk about new inventions, Major Heyle! Why, if you are not the king's patent [illegible] to sell their own secret out, I think you need never trouble your noble head about such matters as growing dry [illegible]

"Ah, Major," cried the simpleton, eagerly, "since you have touched on that subject—that subject which still lies nearest my heart of all—tell me now yes if Colin, here, your proxy, did use the lesser to inform you of the real secret which I accepted in him?"

"Why, time' Reley," put in Cuba—who, hearing himself that spoken of, felt he had a right to speak for himself—"I only gwine to gib Massa Hargrave de invidcous explanation, which I did do accordingly."

"Silence!" interrupted the Major; "and at last to your business, Cuba! Come, stranger," he continued, addressing the wounded man, "since I have you to be a while man, with an English tongue in your head, I wish to know more of you. Who are you? what is your name? where do you belong? what is your occupation? and why were you in company with any camp here, contrased and bedacked like an Indian?"

"All you ask, sir, is a secret," replied the stranger, in a firmer and more decided tone than he had hitherto spoken. "Yet are a stranger to me," he continued, "as I am to you; would you tell me your secret?"

"Not unless it were a secret by which the world could be rid of you."

"Or by which the world was fended, and his eyes flashed, as he rejoined.

"You are a strong one, sir, and are surrounded by your family and slaves; I am wounded, and weak, and unarmed; and therefore, just such an object as you can handle with impunity."

"No, by my soul!" cried the generous hearted Major, flinging with them, "your hand, stranger," he continued, frankly, extended, "and be you friend or foe, I like you, for you have had some hard knocks in my time; but you have just given me the kindest hit I ever had in my life. Your secret is safe with me, and that I look again at your face, hang me if I can not believe you are a cursed renegade after all."

"Whatever I am as an orator," replied the stranger, returning the grasp, "I will not leave the Major in doubt whether honesty or dishonesty was the predominant trait of his character."

"Well, whatever he whatever you may be," replied the Major, "you are a man after my own heart, and answer, and answer truly, for your very life depends upon what you do say. Were you certifying our camp with a sinister purpose in your heart?"

"Sinister purpose! I should say I was!"

"Then I would give you credit for an honest confession, which should go in your favor."

"Suppose I should say I was not?"

"Why, I suppose you should say one way or the other," returned the Major, drawing up his carry again; "and then, I suppose, I should know better what to do reply."

"I decline answering your question," replied the stranger, somewhat sullenly.

"Then you may consider yourself a prisoner."

"Very well—be it so."

"And let me further add," continued the Major, in a still sharper tone, with a little relief at the cool indifference displayed by the strange captive; "should our camp be attacked before morning, the head of your heart shall be the first drawn."

"Very well—be it so," was again replied, in the same tone of indifference.

"By the King's life!" muttered Hargrave, as he turned away to get a rope—"I do not know what to make of the fellow. He is a puzzle. His looks have a mixture of honesty and deliberate villainy in them. Well, if his late harsher treatment that he deserves, he will become a friend. Under the circumstances, I feel it my duty to see to service."

Returning with a strong rope in his hand, he said to the stranger:

"The circumstances which have placed you in my power, sir, are of very questionable complexion. As you refuse to enter into any explanation, you will have no good reason to complain if I take measures to secure you against escape."

"I shall make no complaints," returned the stranger, quietly. "Bind me with—do what you see proper."

"Are you not afraid?" resumed the Major, hesitating.

The stranger looked him full in the eye—looked long and steadily. There was nothing like impudence in his gaze—nothing like quailing. Hargrave was more puzzled than ever.

"I do not know what to make of you," he said, at last; "but I feel ashamed to suffer at least you are honest, or you are the most consummate villain that ever lived. I will not do what I consider to be my duty, however; and if I do you wrong, I shall at any time, when convinced of my error, be willing to make you any reparation that lies in my power."

Saying this, he proceeded to bind the stranger hand and foot. This done, he inquired, in a more kindly manner, if he had succeeded in [illegible] him, I will ascertain that he is not dead [illegible]

"Only leave me to myself," was the reply.

"But not till we have bound up your wound, which is still bleeding," interrupted Gertrude, in a gentle, kindly tone.

"Let my wound bleed—I desire no attention from you," was the reply, delivered in a tone of bitterness.

Saying this, he proceeded to bind the stranger, who had previously taken no notice of Gertrude, now turned his head upon her for several moments, during which time a slight convulsion seemed to pass over his features, and of his features from which the paint and blood had been removed. There was something in that look which caused Gertrude to withdraw her eyes, though she could not tell why; and the Major marveling that his wife, stranger, her, by addressing the wounded man in a tone calculated to break the spell, if spell there was.

"You have been asked a civil question, sir," he said, "and you have been told that you did not understand this lady?"

The wounded man fixed his eye upon Hargrave, and said, in a low, deep voice, [illegible] phrase:

"Words are sometimes spoken, that the heart understands as well as the head."

This reply did not please Hargrave, who frowned heavily.

"Come! come! there must be no reasoning here! You are not a knight in disguise, that in this charade I am to fall in love with you, if you were. I assure you, sir, if you were as black as my Cuba, there, Miss Willows would have addressed to you the same inquiry, and in the same kindly tone."

"Then, sir, is her heart right; and she is too kind and gentle a being to be taken into the confidence, and exposed to all the hardships and hostess," was the rejoinder, uttered in a thoughtful, almost melancholy tone. "As to reasoning," he added, quickly, in an altered voice, "I pray you not to put any such construction upon my words. I simply meant to say, that, while I understood what she said, I felt the kindliness of her inquiry in my heart. But I have not answered her question; and my head, which begins to swim once more I should answer it in the affirmative. If you will bind up my wound, and allow me something for a pillow, and enough covering to keep off the cold night air, I shall feel that, though a captive, I am not in the hands of cannibals."

"You shall use neither through any neglect of mine, his permitted or foe," rejoined the Major. "I may sometimes be rough in speech," he continued, as a sort of apology for what he had said; "but I think my worst enemy would not accuse me of harboring malice against any creature which God has made."

He then set about dressing the wound of his captive-guest, which was not a very serious one; and having finished, he placed him in very comfortable quarters, and assured him he had nothing to fear so long as he remained quiet and the camp undisturbed by prowling wildness.

The stranger thanked him; said he was satisfied he was in good hands; hoped all would rest well, observed that he felt very drowsy himself; and, soon after, appeared to be lost in a deep sleep.

Major Hargrave now bade the children, the simpleton, and Aunt Chloe, to lie down, and get what sleep they could; and, calling his dog and Gertrude aside, inquired what they thought of the stranger.

"Some man," he said, "think women are unit to counsel with on any subject; but I, on the contrary, believe, that if men would take the advice of women on all occasions of importance, they would have fewer errors to regret. There is a quick, active, intuitive perception in women, that amounts almost to prescientment or an instinct; and now, from this sensible faculty, I wish judgment rendered upon the stranger."

"If you wish an impartial decision, you should never dictor the judge," replied Gertrude, with a smile. "However, as to the stranger, I do not think we have any thing to fear from him. What has led him to assume this disguise, is more than I can tell, of course; but he is certainly a man of mind and education."

"I see!" rejoined Hargrave, with a meaning smile: "if we wish an impartial decision, we should never allow the culprit to flatter the judge. Well, wife, what say you?"

"My opinion is the same as Gertrude's," replied Mrs. Hargrave. "I cannot think the man means to harm us."

"Well, hang it, I'm of the same opinion," rejoined the Major; "and I have half a notion to cut his cords and let him go. But then," he added, ruefully, "what was a shilling about our camp in such disguise? and, if really honest, why did he refuse to give an explanation?"

"Would not a villain give an explanation if he saved there was a chance for him to get off?" suggested Gertrude. "His firm refusal to answer your questions, not knowing what the consequences might be, is to my mind a strong evidence that he is both a man of courage and an honest man."

"There is something in that, too," said Hargrave, musing. "Well, what say you—shall I set him free?"

"Perhaps it would be better to let him remain as he is to-night, Edward," answered Mrs. Hargrave. "Whatever our feelings may be, we must remember we are in the wilderness, with little or no protection; and that the lives of our dear children, as well as our own, are in jeopardy."

"True, true, Sarah; you are right: we must be cautious—for their sakes, if not for our own. Well, the matter is decided. You, wife, and Gertrude, and Cuba and I will stand guard; or, rather, I will remain up all night, and Cuba and Dick shall take turns."

Having thus settled the matter, the Major went to take a look at his horses, which were fastened to some saplings on the western side of the hut. As it was impossible to carry but with him, the principal feed of the horses consisted of corn meal, mixed with water, which was given them in drinks from a bucket. As there was no grazing for them in the locality of the camp, the same had been necessary—as was the case in the present instance—the Major made it a point to have them led twice before morning to feed; and this he now attended to himself, without calling upon his servants.

But the two re-entered the hut, and Dick to lie down and get a few hours' rest, so as to relieve Cuba before morning; who was to remain, meantime, on the watch, near the main entrance. He then, side in hand, selected his own position near the horses and the stranger, so that he could hear the least movement of either; and putting out the light, he sat down in the dark, to pass a long, gloomy night, in which anxiety as a fond parent must feel, when, surrounded by perils, he knows the responsibility of protecting those dearer than life itself.

The night, as we have elsewhere said of the day, was chilly, with signs of rain. Toward midnight the wind began to blow in sullen gusts from the east; and when Cuba, who relieved Dick, stepping the canvass, causing the stalwart Dutchman to shrink into a small round head and grease, and, altogether, made such wild, discordant music, as was most unpleasant to the ears of the sable sentinel.

A little after midnight, Dick was called to serve from the cabin, and more once drove on his post. About this time it was the intrinsic; but soon larger drops fell; and an hour later it poured down in torrents—the rain being fiercely driven against the last by gusts of wind that threatened every moment to blow down the mountain. Soon large puddles of water began to form inside the hut under the sleepers' ribs, and the latter were forced to get away. The storm will soon abate, I think," said it to Cuba, as he went on some fresh, and said to the second.

Having thus buried around the hut, and said something to each, and got nothing in return, Cuba, who was a man of a philosophic temperament, quietly composed himself to sleep, expecting to find him awake and attentive, and most admirably fulfilled his duty. To his great surprise, the man appeared to be asleep.

"Perhaps he is dead!" said the Major; and the very thought gave his feelings a shock.

He held the light near his face, and, to his great relief, saw that he was breathing gently, and in a deep sleeping sweetly. He next felt his pulse, and found it beat regularly.

"Well, this is the strangest thing of all!" he said, musingly. "Can he be feigning this? If so, it is the best counterfeit I ever saw. It is impossible! and yet, if he is, I will stake my life that no mad sleeps that way, so much at night as this, with an unarmed enemies. No, I can not keep him longer in bonds."

Saying this, Hargrave drew a hunting knife from a sheath in his bosom, and cut the cords that bound the stranger's limbs. Still he did not wake. He then shook, him—at first gently—and finally with considerable force. Still the stranger opened his eyes, gave a start of surprise, and exclaimed:

"What! reconcile! and I asleep?!"

"Not exactly," said the Major, in his turn surprised also. "You fear not the loss of the drum, but of the elements."

"Your pardon!" returned the stranger, quickly, with no little confusion of manner—"I now comprehend—a terrible storm rages."

"As surely as you are a soldier!"

"Then you are not a soldier!" inquired the stranger, sitting up, turning aside his face, and beginning to clash his limbs, which had been somewhat benumbed by the cords.

"You just made use of a military phrase."

"Ah! true—unconsciously, I did remember—a term I learned when once quartered in a garrison."

"You are a soldier," rejoined the Major, privately; "such not to deny it; for you have just used another military phrase."

"At all events, I am your prisoner."

"No, stranger, you are now free."

"How!" cried the other, in surprise.

"Do you not see I have cut the cords from your limbs?"

"Do you mean by this that you give me liberty?"

"You are free to depart when it suits you."

"What has brought about this change in your conduct, good sir?"

"Why, I did not feel that I was doing exactly right when I bound you; and I was anxious to be on the safe side. Besides, I am satisfied you are not a spy, you black dance, and go and see to the horses! Look to each halter! and if you find one not secure, be sure you make it secure, or your back shall answer for your neglect—Come, Master Hargrave, take yourself out of the way; and if you smoke must dance, go outside, for I'll have no smoking where there is powder. Don't be alarmed, my children—nothing will harm you. Sit down, wife, and try and compose yourself! Why, you would think I never saw a storm before. Do not look so frightened, Gertrude! no danger of our blowing away. The storm will soon abate, I think; and if it don't, we are on terra firma, and safe on the score."

Having thus hurried around the hut, and said something to each, and got nothing in return, the stranger sank, as if exhausted, into a sitting posture, expecting to find him awake and attentive, and most admirably fulfilled his duty. To his great surprise, the man appeared to be asleep.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1829.

AID TO THE CONVENTION OF THE POOR AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
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We trust our old Friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other industrious and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

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We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

Also, the following original novelet, entitled

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

Also, the following original novelet, entitled

THE PRIDE OF LIFE;

Or, The Fortunes of Two Families.

By Mrs. Southworth, author of "Vivia," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Each romance, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until further notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

Also, the following original novelet, entitled

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary hemisphere—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight in England. They will be entitled

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES

BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will contribute her old and popular romances with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelists and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM ITALY, written by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana.

Our Washington Council to British Guiana, no, also has promised to some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agreeable Anecdote, the News, Commercial, Stock, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, inviting a large increase of subscribers, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper reconsideration of the Post to neighborhood, to induce to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With that total number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We must reduce our thanks again to our friends for the kind favors by means in which they have fairly flooded us with subscriptions. The New Year's Day, and the succeeding days of Christmas week, recorded in our last number. In the first week of the New Year—after the publication of our last—our increase of subscriptions, or an average of over fifteen hundred a day. Thus, in the first week of the New Year—after the publication of our last—we received over SEVEN THOUSAND names, or old and new subscribers. At this rate, we have every long to bring up our list to the hundred thousand mark. We now print seventeen eight thousand copies weekly. When we get to the one hundred thousand, we intend to print our paper at seventy-five thousand—"more and more to our laurels" till our little correspondence catch up to us. Poor fellows, we are afraid they will have no breath left for bodies by that time. It is not every paper that has the "enterprise" to take such a great contract on his by storm.

BURNING IN EFFIGY.

We see by the "Lexington Telegraph," published at Lexington C. H., South Carolina, that W. H. Talbot, Jr., of the Charleston Mercury, was recently burnt in effigy to a large bonfire, in front of the office of the Hon. Joel Poinsett, of Columbia, in that State. Mr. Talbot's offence was a speech delivered at the last convention of the South Carolina Union, in which it seems that he was speaking of Gunnison Schools, and had incurred the displeasure of some one in the crowd lastly, that the inhering classes had no right to be educated; that the poor man had to work, and it was useless for him to be taught to read and write; that a little education made the people impudent and idle, &c.

If Mr. Talbot, Jr., really did utter such sentiments to those—about on a par with those we recently referred to as being uttered by the late editor of a Kansas Catholic paper at St. Louis—he deserves the pity of the people of his fellow citizens. Every now and then it happens that a man who has been the object of the favors of the people of his native State, or of the State of his adoption, turns out to be the basest of ingrates. Every now and then it happens that a man who has been the object of the favors of the people of his native State, or of the State of his adoption, turns out to be the basest of ingrates. Every now and then it happens that a man who has been the object of the favors of the people of his native State, or of the State of his adoption, turns out to be the basest of ingrates.

OUR HOMES.

Those who wish to see the cheapest and best paper published in the United States, should subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post. It is published at Philadelphia, New York. This inclining to monopolies, we have a word to say for the small weekly—the single sheet, and unstamped. It is also a little peculiar, in having a literary story—a thing very unusual in the country, where politics interest all the world.

A particular description of the machine—in which the "Post" is printed—the engraving of the great wells, &c., are explained and adhered to in a pamphlet, which is sold by a newsboy, called "A Penny Post Ad," published by Messrs. Fowlers & Wells. We have read this before we have seen the machine, and have since seen the machine. Mr. Fowler is entitled both to praise and *profit*, for such a contribution to the science and art of publishing.

So far as the general mail system is concerned, we are indebted to Gen. Fremont for the most important reform. Such mails can be built out with great speed, but with lesser stay, inside of broken rock, square shells, &c., and upholstered, which is larger than the piece of cloth, and the Wire Association—(our readers will be kind enough to excuse us for not knowing the name)—for the grooving system of shells, &c., has proved sufficiently fine to serve us in journeying, and of course, as a consort, is almost indispensable.

Mr. Fowler gives the cost of walls thus constructed, as only one-fifth or one-sixth the price of walls built in the usual way. In this case we consider what an object cheapness is to the poor. How much comfort it will bring to them to procure either brick or building-stone in consequence of the country, we think the inhabitants of every nation, as they read, will be likely to be over-estimated.

In the article on the shops which Mr. Fowler so strongly recommends for houses, we are not so confident. It is no new discovery, though in the form of a novelty to the present generation. The great particularity, that the same amount of wall will thicken much more at the base of it than in a long and narrow form. And while the oblong shape is thus inferior to the square, it is by no means to be compared with the circle, which preaches the circular. For the circle contains the greatest possible amount of area for the cubic contents thereof.

But, after Mr. Fowler has poured with what appears to be unanswerable logic, and has demonstrated, the extent of wall becomes a matter of very little importance. For the only saving of it we shape our buildings is in the cost of wall, and if a more convenient house can be built—more room and light—by the square form on the outside walls, it would be very foolish not to do so.

The octagonal shape, as will be seen by the plan given of the main floor of Mr. Fowler's residence, is very much preferable to the old triangular closets. It does not admit, however, of windows in the sides of the large rooms, as a square or oblong does, but for a house with a handsome suite of large rooms, it will be seen that the eight sides afford room for all that. Were it a square house, each room could have either one or two more windows, at the side.

We admit that small rooms, attached to large ones, are very desirable, in a certain extent—but we are not sure that the octagon is not quite as serviceable as the matter. Each of these little rooms must be furnished, and kept in order; and, where furnished, are liable to be used as a bedroom, of comparatively little use. In the main way, as to closets, it is not possible to have too many at such conveniences!

These little rooms, however, when attached to bed-chambers, may be perhaps deserving of all the praise Mr. Fowler awards to them. As to the plan embraced by Mr. Fowler, it is not very desirable. But we will leave the matter to be settled by the ladies, who ought to know better than gentlemen what is desirable in conveniences and inconveniences of a multitude of small closets and triangular closets.

It will be seen that the octagonal plan does not admit well of a hall or wide entry, extending through the house, as in most of our houses. Accordingly, Mr. Fowler draws his utter opposition to all halls. He says they are a great waste of room, a means of cold and heat evaporation, &c. We do not see how his servants are to answer the bell, without going through the hall to the top-floor—or how, when he has company, and his rooms are called in a magnificent suite, as they should be occasionally for such an event, his later guests are to be taken into the fire-place room, without passing through every room through the midst of those already assembled. As to the cold drafts of a hall, these have their remedy by a stove or fire in a hall, if such be used by a stove from a furnace, a hall diffuses heat through the house, and acts as a magazine of fresh air, with the outside chill taken off, for the use of the house and other rooms which open into it. The facilities therefore in the opinion, that the absence of a hall is a prominent disadvantage of the octagonal style of building.

Mr. Fowler also is a strong advocate of a basement story. We differ from him here entirely. As to looks, we consider his home style as considerably ruined by it. No house we were within a couple of feet of the ground. That the reader may satisfy himself upon this point, let him take a sheet of paper, and cover over the basement story and high front steps of any house in the city, and he will see how much it will add to the appearance. Mr. Fowler's house thus concealed, gains vastly in elegance and appearance from the absence of such.

Mr. Fowler thinks the common objection to basements, that they are damp, is wrong and does state required, is a matter of small importance. He contends that the ladies and servants of a house would rather go up a flight of stairs, than walk four or five times the distance on a level. In this we think he is not to be understood. Many ladies, if we are not much deceived, would rather walk ten or twenty times the distance on a level, than to ascend a flight of stairs. Besides, the liability to the smells of the kitchen and cellar, would be much increased by having a basement. While the floors of the rooms above are no better warmed than they would be by a furnace in the cellar. The light cellar containing a furnace. In summer, moreover, the heat of the basement, coming from the kitchen, is an additional objection to basements.

Mr. Fowler recommends very highly his venetian to every story—extending round the house. We have seen them in use in this city, and we also think very highly of them; but venetians in upper stories are open to the very serious objection of exposing the inside of the room to view. And one, coming out of his own room, and looking up, would be shocked at the impudence to scrutinize of the rude crowd, whose privacy is thus invaded; and the danger of incendiary fires, by the throwing of combustibles through the venetians, which unnecessarily darken the room, is probable. Those who have seen venetians in watering places, which opened upon verandas, will appreciate the force of the objection. We have seen them in the country, where her as privacy; and might which are threatening to be the fashion in the city, we hope not.

Neither the basement-story, nor the upper verandas, however, are necessarily connected with the octagonal style of building. Houses can do not with necessarily condemned on the score of the octagonal style. Houses have been only recently considered, as to its conveniences and inconveniences, before being adopted. Mr. Fowler's residence is certainly a fine one, in its thoroughness and practicability, that we have thought the basement and water upon it, might be those whom we have invited to its perusal, a friendly service.

NOTICE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We have received a letter from Mr. Fowler, containing information respecting certain persons, connected in some manner or other with the business of the Saturday Evening Post, which we regret we are of a very obliging disposition, we regret to say, we are unable to give the desired investigations of the character referred to—even for a share of the extensive proceeds, when they are known. We are sorry to say that the persons in question are not known to us, and that the only family which has in our large acquaintance in England, is that of the Lord Mayor of London, and which Queen Victoria as has not succeeded in successfully keeping us from the knowledge of. We are sorry that we have not time to devote even to this little affair of our own—a matter probably of some two or three millions—it is not to be supposed that we should devote many of our business hours to an investigation of the claims of other people. The fact is, we would rather have one hundred thousand dollars, made by our own honest industry, than millions of money dollars derived from unascertainable "*estates in Spain.*"

☞ The subscription of twenty thousand names to the Susquehanna and Erie Railroad, now almost upon a like amount being obtained in other quarters, has been so largely raised up the Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia.

☞ The subscription of twenty thousand names to the Susquehanna and Erie Railroad, now almost upon a like amount being obtained in other quarters, has been so largely raised up the Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia.

☞ PARABLE OF LORD WATSON.—An iceberg one more recently of Newfoundland—some two months earlier than usual.

GOV. BIGLER'S MESSAGE.

It will be observed by many of you, that during the administration of Governor Shunk, the Legislature of Pennsylvania was induced, by the inefficient manufacturing operations of the State, to sell the Main Line of the Public Works to individuals. In 1845, it was found to embarrassing to the State to keep it, and an Act, for its sale, was adopted, and you will be astonished to learn that, in 1846, it was sold for the sum of $7,500,000. Of this sum, $3,000,000 were paid down in hand. During the years 1847 and 1848, $1,500,000 more were received in the shape of special acts to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, and the last moiety was to be paid in the year 1849. Of the last moiety named, $1,000,000 were paid, and although the law is to the effect that the Canal Commissioners shall not sell, but a single application has been made to them for the purchase of the Main Line, and the finance operations have not been complied with. Governor Bigler, therefore, in his opinion will fully justify the rejection of all applications for the purchase.

In relation to Bank charters, the Governor proclaims his opinion that one power conveyed by the Constitution to the Legislature, is that of granting charters to Banks, and that it is not to be in relation abstractions of our system of finance, but that it is to be well to provide for the gradual withdrawal of all free-dollar notes from circulation—leaving the vacancy to be filled with those which are not promissory, to endorse or altogether to oppose this proposition. He is in favor of the extension of the charters, one not yet fully made plain by any one proposition—Mr. George included. The use of paper money, he says, is to be regulated solely—does undoubtedly save to the community the additional interest of money which, in a circulation of every million, is saved to it. Neither is it any answer to say that saving would be enjoyed by the few, and not the general public, the holders of bank-stock,—for the interest of money is so small, that it go to them, if it were sold upon, instead of the bank-stock, which money the borrower's purpose would be. The saving, in fact, would be that of the community as a whole, for every million of paper money issued.

But we do not design at present, discussing the merits of the Governor's views. We have given out this view as they have appeared to us, doubtedly a money-saving and a labor-saving machine; by employing a steep and handy regulation of the currency, and by a proper combination, instead of that week's insult. And as we have said, we are fully in favor of a specie and paper circulation, and are really convertible into the legal tender for debts, required by the Constitution. The power of contract carrying for the community, as compared with the use of the precious metals, for all other purposes of exchange. Therefore, if our present paper currency be not too large for safety—if it really does represent the specie really convertible, if needful, into gold and silver; to reduce it by the abstraction of five-dollar notes from circulation, and to substitute gold and silver money in their place, would be to loan to the community yearly the sum of the additional specie required to add capital thus employed.

We will make a few observations further the following amendments of the Constitution:

To require that each law shall be passed in a single bill, and not more than one thing; a majority of votes of each House as a call of the Yeas and nays; to provide that all votes of a public nature shall be general in their character, and apply to the whole State; to prohibit local corporations, vested with all the power the Legislature of the State, should not have the right to become subscribers in or holders of the stock of such corporations; to limit the power to creation of debt for any purpose except war; to ballot each Senatorial District with the Governor in the exercise of the pardoning power.

To the first and last of the above amendments we are decidedly opposed, and to the rest especially. Somehow the pardoning power in this State has been grossly abused—and it will be so abused, as long as it is left in the hands of a single man. Let the Governor be a man of the most unexceptionable character, and he will be liable to be imposed with them—but such a radical course of cure is never taken by wise surgeons, except in the extremest cases.

Relative to the troubles at Erie, the Governor is calm, clear and decided. We quote what he says, almost at length, in order that the public mind of other states may be disabused of erroneous impressions upon the subject:—

It must be clear to the impartial observer, that the late disturbances at Erie, had their origin, not in ambition the construction of a Canal Company, and the rights of the Erie Harbor. Indeed the highest judicial tribunal in the *which was supported by the opinion that no such rights can be found in the charter of the Franklin Canal Company*, and that the Legislature had the power to make an such conditions as it thought proper in the grant. Should not have been dis

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

Mr. Chandler introduced a series of resolutions, which were adopted, that a Select Committee of nine members be appointed to inquire into the expediency of investing the Smithsonian Fund in some other mode, or in such other way as may be for the interest of said fund. The money, he said, is lying in the United States Treasury, and the Government is buying its own stock, to get rid of its surplus revenue.

Mr. Perkins offered a resolution, that the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to report a bill repealing all duty on railroad iron, and demanded the previous question. The resolution was tabled, by a vote of 78 to 63.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, offered a resolution calling on the President to inform the House what information the Post-Office Department has received relative to the obstruction of the mails by the Erie disturbances. This lies over, objection being made.

Mr. McMullen offered a resolution, which was passed, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the expediency of setting apart the proceeds of the sales of the public lands for the support of the navy.

Mr. Preston offered a resolution, which was passed, calling on the President to communicate copies of instructions to the officers of the navy, having reference to the protection of the rights of fishermen under the treaty with Great Britain.

After other business of minor importance had been transacted, Mr. Churchwell offered a resolution, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill giving four years' credit to the Railroad Companies to pay the duty on iron imported for their use.

Mr. Hamilton moved to lay it on the table.

Mr. Clingman, with a view of getting a full House on the question, moved an adjournment, which was carried.

On the 4th, Mr. Bayly, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill for the ascertainment and satisfaction of claims due to American citizens for French Spoliations. Referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Cutting called for the regular order of business, being the resolution offered by him. Mr. Cutting [illegible]

Clippings.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 7.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & CO., BROKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

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ALMANAC.

Jan., 1854.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
14 Saturday,	7 17	4 43	2 13	
15 Sunday,	7 16	4 44	2 55	
16 Monday,	7 15	4 45	3 44	
17 Tuesday,	7 14	4 46	4 30	D. H. M.
18 Wedn'day,	7 13	4 47	5 17	First 5 10 40
19 Thursday,	7 12	4 48	6 1	Full 14 4 1
20 Friday,	7 11	4 49	6 46	Last 21 8 9
21 Saturday,	7 10	4 50	7 30	New 28 11 56

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. John Coleman, Thos. W. Bovell, to Miss Rebecca P. Perry, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph S. Morehead, to Miss Lottie S. Gregory, both of this city.

On the 3d inst. at the Allegheny House, in this city, by the Rev. E. Miller, Mr. Joseph Lowber, to Miss Anna M. Wilson, both of Wilmington, Del.

Deaths.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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LADIES' FURS.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, FOR THE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

CURED BY DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

City Scenes.

THE EXTREME OF THE PRESENT FASHION—OR THE BONNET MOVEMENT CARRIED TO ITS CULMINATING POINT.

Wit and Humor.

THE YANKEE AND MONT BLANC.

How do do, Mont Blanc? I vow I'm glad to meet ye;
A thousand grist o' miles I've come to greet ye;
I'm from America, where we've got a fountain,
Niagara it's called, where you might lave
Your mighty phiz; then you could shirt and shave
In old Kentucky—in our Mammoth Cave;
Or take a snooze, when you're in want of rest,
On our big prairies in the "Far West;"
Or when you're dry, might cool your heated liver
By sipping up the Mississippi River.
As for companions, should you wish for any,
Why, we've got the Katskill and the Allegheny;
You may accept them with impunity,
They both stand high in our community.
Give us a call. You'd almost step from hence;
Our folks all long to see Your Eminence.
Come over, Blanc!—don't make the least ado;
Bring Madame Jube with you, and the little glaciers too!

A CASE.

Miss Fitznancy—elderly maiden—charged Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, although proud of his personal appearance, was short—very short—considering his whiskers; his height, even in French boots, reaching only to four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitznancy, on the contrary, being fond of extremes; ran up a foot higher—and stayed there; being of remarkably rigid deportment. She swore the abbreviated, yet amorous butcher kissed her! by assault—and hauled him up for it. Butcher—with some expressions of disgust, more emphatic than necessary—denied the charge. Butcher was *fai*—lady wasn't. Cleaver had antipathy to what he irreverently termed—"scraggy" women, and vowed he *hadn't* kissed her, and *wouldn't!* *Money couldnt hire him* to.

Being cross-examined, lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances—when, where, how, &c. Lady replies with great particularity:—On Monday morning—ten o'clock—in the entry—resisted all she could, but he persevered, and triumphed! Lawyer asks—"Did not he stand on anything *but* the floor?"

"No! he stood on the floor—no chair, stool, or anything else being brought into requisition."

"But, my dear madam, this is impossible? you are twelve inches taller than him. How could he reach your lips?"

Lady hadn't thought of that, but she was not to be tripped by the glibbest lawyer of them all, so she replies—

"Oh! ah! well—I know—yes! to be sure! but then you know——*I scrooched a little!*"

"Exactly! Thank you, madam; that'll do."

"Nothing further, your honor."

Verdict for the short defendant.—*Clinton Courant.*

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

A certain justice, in the State of Illinois, was one day trying, for an aggravated assault, a man who was too much intoxicated fully to realize the import of the proceedings or the dignity of the Court. He was continually interrupting witnesses, contradicting their testimony, and swearing at the justice. It soon became evident that he must be silenced, or the trial adjourned. The justice's patience at length gave way. He ordered the constable to take the obstreperous culprit to a creek, which ran near the office, and "duck him until he was sober enough to be quiet and respect the Court!" This operation the constable alone could not perform, but in due time he brought the defendant back dripping from the creek, and thoroughly sobered, reporting, at the same time, that he had availed himself of the assistance of two men, Messrs. B—— and L——, in the execution of his honor's commands. The trial went quietly on, the defendant was fined for a breach of the peace, and ordered to pay *the costs;* one item of which was two dollars to Messrs. B—— and L——, "for assisting the constable in ducking the prisoner!" But, as the justice could find no form nor precedent for hydropathic services, he entered the charge as "*witness fees,*" and required immediate payment! The shivering culprit, glad to escape on any terms, paid the bill and vanished. —*Western Characters.*

SLEIGH-RIDING WITH A WIDOW.—[The following, though not new, comes in very appropriately these sleigh-riding times.] Snow had fallen; the young of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance, and the interesting widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, and under the same buffalo as myself.

"Oh! oh! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked; "I am not doing anything."

"Well, I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"What's that?" said I.

"Wow!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells. "Dr. Meadows pretends he don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed, I don't, then," I said, laughing in turn.

"Don't know that gentlemen, when they go on a sleighing party, claim a kiss as toll when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!"

When next we came to a bridge, and I claimed toll, the struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it; and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight, the horse trotted on himself; toll was taken for the first time in his life by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a bridge, but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it, without a struggle.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, doctor?" she asked.

To which the only reply was a practical affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

A GOOD COME OFF.—As an acquaintance of ours was coming home to dinner, the other day, he met a stout buck negro carrying a large copper wash kettle, which our friend knew to be his own, and charged the colored gent with taking it from his back yard. "Yes, boss," said the accused, "I was only taking um to de pump to get a drink ob water out of um, den I fetch um back again; but if you don't like to trust me dat fur, take your kittle and I'll try to borrow a tin cup somewheres else."—*Philadelphia Mercury.*

RATHER DUSTY.—When the Emperor of Russia was offered a stool to kneel upon at Olmutz, he declined it, saying, with a show of great humility, "That he was but dust, and unto dust he should return." This low estimate of human nature may be all very well, so far as he himself is concerned; but, surely, the knowledge that *he* is but dust is scarcely an excuse for treating his dependents as *dirt.*

AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION.—"Joe, when you grow up, do you mean to be a lawyer, or keep a confectionary store?"

"I haven't made up my mind, Tom, but ma wants me to be a minister."

"Oh, don't be a minister, Joe, for you can't go to circuses, then."

"I know, that, Tom, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know how Mrs. Lovegrow adores Mr. Prettyface, and wouldn't you like to be adored, Tom?"

"Perhaps I should, but then you can't drive fast horses."

"Oh, yes you can; ministers drive fast horses, now-a-days; and besides that, Tom, when they have a bilious attack, the worshippers send them on a foreign tour; then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents, and ma says it won't be long before every minister has his country seat, and a collegian to write his sermons. Won't that be high?"

Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game of marbles.

A LITTLE PUSS.—A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, tells of a little girl, seven years old, who said of her little brother Joe, who is a great tease, that she wished our Heavenly Father either hadn't made *her* or her brother Joe—it didn't make any difference which.

Miscellaneous.

THE LADY TYPE-SETTER.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

See her standing at the "case,"
Looking sweet and bland;
Gracefully she moves her head,
Rapidly goes her hand,
Picking up the slender types,
Putting them in the stick—
Hear them rattle against the steel;
Click—click—click!

When the tottering line is "set,"
She "spaces" it even and nice;
Nimbly the "lead" goes into its place,
The "rule" is drawn in a trice;
Then her eye the copy devours,
And firm she holds her "stick"—
From box to box her fingers fly,
Pick—pick—pick!

When "distribution" time has come,
She handles well the "matter;"
The types fall into the empty "case,"
Scatter—scatter—scatter.
And steadily and dreamily
She flings the letters round,
With visions dancing through her brain
To the music of the sound.

And thus is growing in her mind
Sweet fruit, for coming years,
That she in bitterness so long
Has watered with her tears;
For Thought is bursting into bloom,
Beneath the rays of Right,
And love is waking from the chill
Of long and dreary night.

HOW MUCH A MEDIATE REVELATION which is effected by the Word, is Superior to an Immediate Revelation which is effected by Spirits.

(NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM SWEDENBORG'S SPIRITUAL DIARY.)

It is believed [by some] that a man could be more illustrated, and that he could become wiser if he had immediate revelation by speech with spirits and angels; but the contrary is the fact. Illustration by the Word is effected by an interior way; but illustration by an immediate revelation by speaking with spirits is effected by an exterior way. The interior way is through the will into the understanding, but the exterior way is through the hearing into the understanding. A man is illustrated from the Lord through or by the Word, in proportion as his will is in good; whereas a man can be instructed, and as it were, illustrated, by the hearing, although his will is in evil; and whatsoever enters into the understanding of a man whose will is in evil, is not within him, but without him; for it is only in his memory, and not in his life, and whatsoever is out of a man, and not in his life, is gradually dissipated, if not before, nevertheless after death; for the will which is in evil either ejects it, or suffocates it, or falsifies and profanes it. For the will constitutes the life of a man, and continually acts or operates into the understanding, and regards that which is from the memory in the understanding as something extraneous; whereas, the understanding does not act or operate into the will, but only teaches how the will should act. Wherefore if a man knew from heaven all things whatsoever the angels know, or if he knew all things which are in the Word, and also all things which are in the doctrines of the church, and all things which the Fathers have written, and which councils have taught, and yet whose will is in evil, nevertheless after death he is regarded as one who knows nothing, because he does not will what he knows; and because evil hates what is true, the man himself then rejects those things, and in their stead adopts falsities which are in accordance with the evils of his will. Moreover, no spirit and no angel has any permission to teach any man on this earth divine truths, but the Lord Himself teaches every man by the Word, and He teaches just in proportion as a man receives goodness from Him into the will, and he receives this goodness just in proportion as he shuns evils as sins against Him. Every man also is, as to his affections and his thoughts thence derived, in the society of spirits, in which he is, as it were, one with them. Wherefore the spirits who speak with a man, speak from his affections, and according to them; for a man cannot speak with any others, except the societies, in which he is, be first removed, which removal is not effected but by a reformation of his will because every man is in society with spirits who are of the same religion as himself, wherefore the spirits who speak with him confirm all things whatsoever of his religion; thus enthusiastic spirits confirm all things which belong to the enthusiasm in which a man is; Quaker spirits confirm all things which belong to Quakerism; and Moravian spirits all things which belong to Moravianism; and-so-forth. Hence, by such open communication with spirits, there would arise such confirmations of false doctrines and principles as could never be extirpated. From which it is evident that mediate revelation by the Word is better than an immediate revelation by spirits [or direct and open communication with spirits.] As to myself, it has not been permitted me to take anything from the mouth of any spirit, or of any angel, but from the Lord alone [whilst reading the Word.]—*Intellectual Repository.*

A CROW-BAR.—In "Johnson's Dictionary" the explanation given of this word is "piece of iron used as a lever to force open doors, as the Latins called a hook *corvus.*" In Walter's "English and Welsh Dictionary," the first part of which was published about the year 1770, this word is printed "*Croo-bar.*" Is it probable that the word *crow* has been derived from the Camb.-Brit. word *cro,* a curve? and that the name has been given from the circumstance of one end of a crow-bar being curved for the purpose of making it more efficient as a lever?—N. W. S.—*Notes and Queries.*